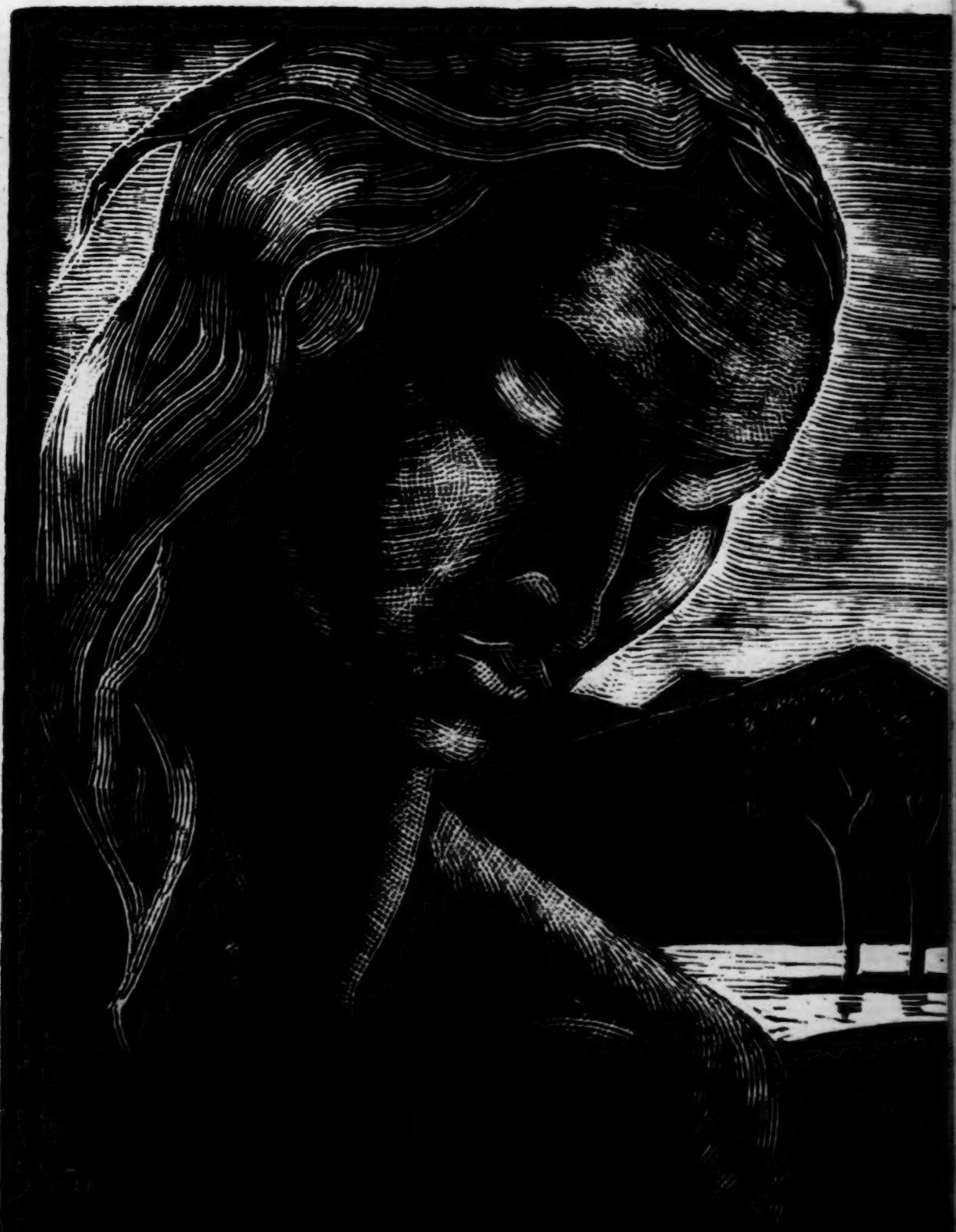


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Editorial

● *The Villager is the Villager.* A monthly magazine with higher literary ideals than any other publication on the Monterey Peninsula offers issue number four. It has no connection with Peter O'Crotty, Dave Cooke or the Village Press, those parties having sold their interest to me. Peter had to pay off some mortgage or another and needed a big sum of money. Further, the *Village Daily* is not a little brother to the *Villager* and if that now defunct daily is rejuvenated by that rejuvenator of rejuvenators, O'Crotty, I hope it and its policy will not become confused with the *Villager* and its policy. The *Villager's* policy is simple. It wants to bring out and to the attention of the world (our little world of simple people—with ideals!) any creative talent yet undiscovered and to give old-timers in the art a chance to have their unexpurgated say. This month the music is having its say—it needs it. Something should be done to settle this matter, disregarding personalities, considering only the music. Carmel's uniqueness has become commercialized. Its pictorial arts seem to lean toward commercialism. Et tu MUSIC?

Woodcut on cover executed by Abbie Lou Bosworth. Miss Bosworth has recently returned to Carmel from abroad where she has been studying. We sincerely feel the worth of the effort and expression that Miss Bosworth gives to her work.



The Novel of Today

(An Unexhaustive Study)

By James Broughton



Whatever one may choose to say about novels, there are two statements regarding them which are not likely to be disputed. One is, that many people write them, and the other is that many people read them. We may presume for the moment that the readers are in excess of the writers, although the vast army of the latter seems to have almost caught up. To my mind the wish to write a novel is much more comprehensible than the wish to read one; for, if fiction offers an escape from the weariness of life, then how much more thorough the escape is for the writer. He spends months living his characters as he can never live within his most intimate friend, while the reader in a couple of hours has galloped from Chapter I to Chapter XXXIV! But this is digression. The fact remains that supply and demand both appear inexhaustible.

Thus every publishing season brings its crop of masterpieces. I examine the publishers' announcements of books in the weekly papers to gain some clarified idea of the new fiction's worth. What I receive is the clamor of hollow tin trays knocked together. Across the literary page one book screams against

another: "in immense demand," "hauntingly lovely," "literary sensation," "extraordinary brilliant," "the greatest novel of the year" (there are several of these); and many adjectival quotations from well-known reviewers accompanying each volume like escorts with blaring bugles. Bewildered and deafened, I am forced to concede that we must be living in the greatest age of literature the world has ever seen.

And the actual truth is that in fiction the standard is astonishingly high. One may name with but slight hesitation at least thirty living novelists whose work is thoroughly competent, sincere, ingenious, and readable. That is the heartbreaking part of it. The standard is as level as the top of a newly-trimmed hedge.

Undoubtedly, however, this perfection of competence is beginning to pall upon the more intelligent reading public. The neatly-turned trick is well done, certainly, but it is being done over and over and over again. Repetition is death—just as when one can no longer endure a poem which one meets in every anthology, or just as one is wearied by the cadences of Swinburne. The methods of ordinary fiction have become so familiar that they can no longer fire the imagination. The tool, whose secret of manipulation we have learned, has lost its cutting

edge; and there does not remain a keen enough substitute.

There are signs, too, of a restiveness among some of the novelists themselves. The old formulas seem to be regarded by them with more intolerance. Realism has turned into a childish, irreverent gesture that seeks chiefly to tweak the nose of the censor. Even in the hands of James Joyce and John Dos Passos its manner may be suspected of a juvenile tinge.

Perhaps fiction is too closely bound up with life, too fatally condemned to present situations, emotions, and characters which find their prototype in everyday experience.

My guess is that it too exactly reproduces life, while seldom transcending it. Therefore it may not be surprising to find a tendency among certain of the better novelists (all of which terms are sufficiently vague) toward lifting fiction to the plane where, like poetry or music, it may claim the right to be considered not for its "truth" nor for its likeness to life, but for its manifestation of creative art. Perhaps in time all of the Realists will learn that Flaubert himself made the complete success of ennobling and surpassing the formula of "truth."

And yet, on the other hand, there ought to be life enough left for the novel so that our mechanistic writers would not have to be bothered about changing it. The novel is fortunate; in its province it

embraces every phase of human experience. What more should it ask, the annoying, omnivorous old beast?

Fantasy

●
*This is a saga of summer love
That grew upon a vine.
And bloomed with the honey-suckle
In the shade of a towering pine.
They met on a rose in a garden
And drifted from bush to tree.
She was a butterfly's daughter
And he was a son of a bee.*

JOHN PATRICK

Roland Hayes to Sing

●
At last Roland Hayes, most famous American Negro singer, is coming to Carmel to sing. This is the first time he has appeared here. This Negro singer has had a romantic history. Brought up on a slave plantation, trained as an engineer he worked his first years in a factory. But always he felt he had something more in him both as an artist and as a man who wanted to do something for his race. He cares passionately to free his race. As a little boy he would sit at his slave mother's knee and dream about being the St. George that would slay the dragon of oppression. Now he has made a reputation in

every country. He sings before great audiences in London, Vienna, New York, Rome and Moscow. Everywhere he is hailed. He has bought a great ranch in Georgia where he is training Negroes to learn crafts and do their work with modern machinery.

Recently he has become greatly interested in making a movie containing the old Afro-American melodies and, if the scheme goes through, Hayes will be heard on the screen in the melodies going back to the cradle of his race. In between the time he is spending between Hollywood and Santa Barbara on this ambitious scheme, Hayes has agreed to sing in Carmel. He will be introduced by his old friend and well-known Carmelite, Noel Sullivan.

(For Myself)

Purgatory, heaven or hell—

Whichever be my future state—
In realm of saint or infidel

I may commingle with the late
Knox, Calvin, Luther, Preston John
And other, who combated sin,
Or with Mohammed, Genghis Khan
And infidels like Saladin.

But if some paid reformers come,
Absolved or damned, to where I
dwell,

I pray that I be banished from
Purgatory, heaven or hell.

TOM THIENES

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The Most Rejected Story of the Month

Rejected by the "Pine Cone," "The Sun," "The Monterey Peninsula Herald," "Pacific Grove Tribune," and the "Monterey Trader."



Jimmy

By Ross Cowen

Jimmy walked into the Fourth Avenue office of the Carr Car Company. To any casual observer he conveyed an air of prominence, of distinction, of character—in fact, he looked like "Mr. Wall Street" himself.

"Have a seat; the General Manager will be back soon," politely offered the office boy. "Or you might step into the showroom and examine one of our latest models."

Jimmy did step into the showroom and there his hungry gaze met with a sight that made his appreciative mind sigh, "Oh boy, what a wagon!" He was gazing upon the latest creation of the

Carr Car Company—the climax of the automotive industry, the peak of mechanical co-ordination, the phoenix in the manufacture of luxurious vehicles—a Carr Car Company Companionable Coupe.

As he drank in the beauty of the "thing" his soul seemed to grasp for higher ideals. Cars do that to some people. Sometimes the attraction surpassed the power of love. Finally he dared to venture into the inviting interior. There he was overcome by the soft, pleasant feeling of power, superior being, and of wealth. One would need to be wealthy to even think of owning a Carr Car Company Companionable Coupe.

He was here to get a job—not to buy an automobile. His momentary worry was in the popular reference to the General Manager as a "bear."

"How would you like to have a demonstration?" he said, in a low tone, for he was speaking to no one in particular. "Now, sir, just recline on the cushions. Is it not a wonder that we have what is called the best product of modern automobiling? Is this not as thrilling as a rendezvous with the wondrous beauty of the Nile—Cleopatra?"

"Now, sir, take the powering device of this most noble chariot."

Jimmy knew nothing whatever of the motor; in fact, he hadn't even satisfied himself as to whether there was one. "It has twelve of the most beautiful and upright cylinders your mind can picture. And perform—you can't imagine how they perform!" Jimmy couldn't either. "Now, just consider this positive brake control; I ask you, sir, what is to be considered first when developing any bit of modern machinery? Safety First. That's our motto."

Jimmy raved on. He brought out points in favor of the car that, probably, the designer hadn't even thought of. He spoke in prose, in verse, in technical terms that would have surprised an engineer. "It was a shame that he was alone and not speaking to a prospective buyer," he thought, as he concluded his fast-moving sales talk.

"Nice talk, young man. Come into the office, and I'll give you a check for it."

Jimmy turned. He was startled. There stood an elderly stern-featured gentleman. Undoubtedly there was a twinkle in his eye. He didn't know what to do next, but instinct told him that the man was serious. He had sold this automobile. And he didn't represent the company who owned it. "Some more of that lousy luck of mine," he muttered disgustedly to himself.

"Well, sir, I hardly know what to say," Jimmy said quietly, as he

vainly sought for an idea. "I'll—" "Here is my card. See me in my office. Good day."

The gentleman was gone. Jimmy stared at the retreating figure. Slowly his gaze turned to the card. He read it. Quickly he read it again. It didn't seem to make sense.

JOHN H. PETERS

CARR CAR CO.

Gen. Mgr.

* * *

"Yeah, that new salesman sold the General Manager that new Coupe we got in Friday. That's Great! The old 'bear' threw three guys out on their ears and told 'em when he decided to buy one of the company's cars he'd do so without the aid of a salesman. This Jimmy what's-his-name must be good!"



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Impressionata

By Frank W. Gray



Having made the circuit of Ocean Avenue I feel eminently qualified to set down my impressions of Carmel. Because the ideal time to record one's impressions of a place is before one knows too much about it.

Carmel! (Munsterberg would be interested to know that word makes me think of Vanilla!) I must hasten to crystallize in words my reactions to this transplanted Olympus before some chamber of commerce walking delegate fills me with optical illusions.

The born publicity hound thrives on the perversity of contradictions. And Carmel is full of them. But the local muses—apropos of making every knock a boost—have beaten us to it by having a reason for every drawback. For instance, the omnipresent fog. They put the reverse english on their gun-metal atmosphere by arguing that it stimulates the urge for creative work indoors. Personally I think it would be much better if they turned off the fog and chained the artists to their desks, not even allowing them N. R. A. privileges. But, of course, no one in authority has asked me to arbitrate in this matter. Authors are supposed to go around in a fog anyway—which covers that point.

Then, there is the quiet—the hermetically sealed quiet. Taken in large doses after meals, quiet is supposed to induce a form of melancholia which distills tears of ink from the pen points of poets. All in all, I am beginning to think that every native of Carmel must have been schooled in the civic duty of knowing the answers to every embarrassing question.

Of course, Carmel has its industries—together with figures to prove them. Each year—(editor, please supply figure) [huh? —ed.] tons of manuscripts pass through the local post office; and with approximately as many tons returning, the manuscript industry pro-

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vides employment for the government slaves and anticipation for the "also rotates." Other basic industries are prosing and posing, hymning and two timing, and wood chopping and food shopping. Speaking of food, I never dreamed that artists could need so many food stores, fostered as I was on the tender tradition that the true artist thrives on the immaterial, (editor, please supply figures on bootlegging industry).

Now, dry as it may seem, no article about a town can be considered complete without a dash of history. Carmel was supposed to have been founded at some time or other—no one person has been blamed for it. Its popularity as a resort dates from that happy week, at the conclusion of its dark age, when Aimee McPherson chose this spot as a retreat from kidnappers, thereby giving the natives something to think about, the papers something to write about, and the real estate men something to talk about. From that time on the vil-

lage became publicity conscious, and explosion after explosion of news—from nudist colonies to suppressed magazines—has caused high tides along these sylvan shores.

Now since the ultimate in modern art seems to be the expression of one's ego rather than a tiresome adherence to truth, I shall conclude this monologue with some inside dope. I like to go back to nature—but not half way back. In other words, I can harmonize



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with Nature's unspoiled virginity, can cook in her sun or drip in her rain, can even hit the trail on a diet of berries without dream if need be; but given a rooftop the philistine in me goes on a rampage and I want the plumbing modern. And as for quiet, I can stand that when I have some thinking to do; but when over-doses of quiet create the total vacuum of a lack of contrast, then there are no thoughts to think. Someone said that one's attitude toward a place can be no better or worse than one's attitude toward himself (whatever that means) but he was all wrong. One's attitude toward a place is in direct proportion to the appeal of its women. Carmel's women seem to measure up all right, except for their bad

habit of walking too much. One can never keep in vibration with a perpetually walking female, even when she is walking home from something. "Spike heels are royal raiment when worn over for honor's sake!"

And so, Carmel, farewell. You didn't ask for this—but you got it. Like a good general, I know when to retreat. When one has neither discretion nor valor, he must not risk a wornout welcome.

When we look over the cast of "The Devil Who Saw God" and "Art and Mrs. Bottle" the first thought is:

"What! no Thompsons?"

Have you seen Henrietta Shore's book?



M. De Neale
Morgan

Three Plots

By Larry Holcroft

1. THE MUSICIAN

A famous pianist whose theatrical technique and surprise finish of the "Devils Hymn" gains him great popularity. He takes an almost fiendish delight in singing and playing this at the end of his concert. It is such a diabolical composition that it always empties the hall. His wife tries to persuade him to give it up but he goes on, always adding a little more to each performance. He has red lights and a small smoke screen in front of him to heighten the effect. Then one night in Berlin he plays to a huge audience. His health is failing and it is the last concert of the season. He ends up with his terrific "Devils Hymn." The audience cannot stand the weird harmonics and they depart, leaving the opera house empty but for one man. He sits down front and is immaculately dressed in evening clothes. The musician leans over the piano and asks why he, too, was not frightened out. The gentleman smiles sardonically and replies that he liked it. He is the devil, come for the musician's soul.

2. THE ARTIST

At a first exhibit of an unknown young artist a critic praises an etching that has peculiar treatment. Others scorn it but he says

that some day it will be worth a good deal. He buys it and time goes on. The critic is now old and in financial difficulties. The etching has become world famous and is about to be disposed of at an art auction. The artist attends and the bidding is high and spirited. The etching is sold and the artist comes forward and tells the assemblage that it is not an original, but only a photostat copy especially treated. Everyone is astounded and the buyer demands his money back. The old critic asks the artist why he should do such an illicit thing. The artist takes the original etching, even more beautiful than the copy, and hands it over to the



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old man saying that he only wanted to be the first artist to have his cake and eat it too.

3. THE ACTOR

Steven Holt, a scientist and his wife, a former actress, daughter of a famous tragedian, Walter Truesdale, have sought seclusion with their little son in a cottage by the sea. (Why not Carmel?) The great Truesdale, who was declining into a ham, has been resuscitated by the advent of talking pictures. In the past Steven Holt has helped his father-in-law financially, but now that the actor is again drawing even greater salaries, he has forgotten this. Truesdale comes to the cottage with a contract to sign up his grandchild in a typical child role. Holt has considerable distaste for the theatrical profession and he does not want and will not permit his son to be taken into that artificial atmosphere. Mrs. Holt is undecided, her love of the stage and her love for her husband conflict. Holt accuses Truesdale of continually acting and Truesdale says Holt is only jealous because he, himself, being a dried scientist, is

jealous of those with histrionic ability. Finally Holt, after his wife has sided with the actor, says that he has only been waiting for a chance like this to get away from them all. He tells them that he never loved Mrs. Holt and never will, and that old Truesdale can have his grandchild and make a ham out of him too. Truesdale becomes the outraged parent, he is about to be dishonored, his daughter deserted. He seizes a pistol that is hanging on the wall and tells Holt that if he dares to stir outside the door he'll shoot him down like a dawg, suh. Holt calmly walks into the garden and the old actor, so excited and almost hysterical, fires. Holt drops.



Dave Cooke

	<p>ROSSLYNN · J · COWEN PHOTOGRAPHER</p> <p>Mountain View and Crespi Lane · P. O. Box 1343</p>
--	---

His wife rushes to his side, pleading forgiveness for her folly. The old man is horror stricken and says he was only acting. After a proper wait, Holt sits up, grins rather foolishly, and tells the old man that the gun wasn't loaded and that he too, was playing a role that was hitherto not included in a scientist's repertoire.

Bottles

Bottles have always been an interesting subject—and Art goes on forever, but here's a new combination—Art and Mrs. Bottle.

Two timely subjects linked in high comedy play. Imagine a woman called Celia Bottle, who loved lightly—she did really—and Mr. Lightly is no less a person than our friend Arthur Hately.

Georgia Wapple, playing Celia Bottle, is a charming Miss who has had Broadway footlights in her eyes. Some more Bottles—there's Judy and Michael (Yvonne Castle and Philip Reamer)—who paint.

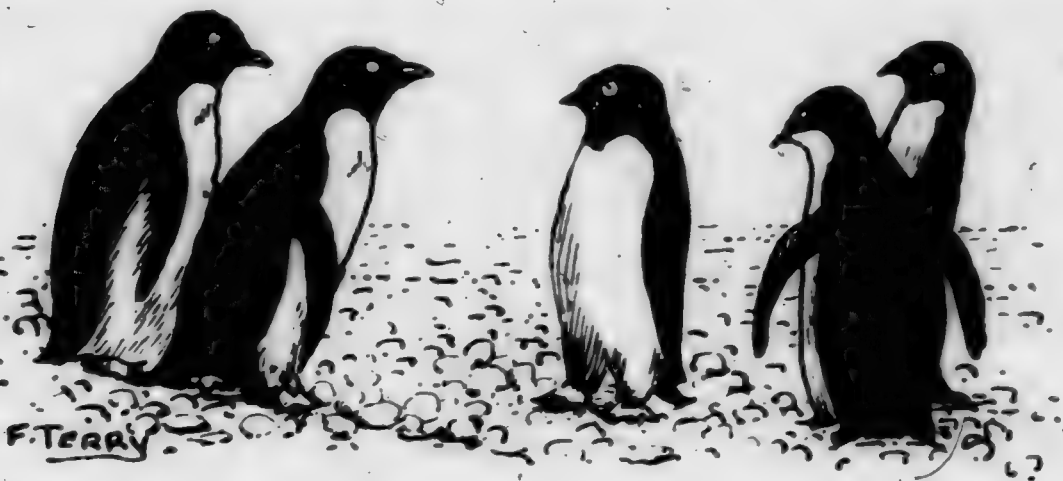
Their fond Papa, George Bottle (another Bottle!) figures bursting points of sewers. (Albert Van Houtte). What, no Pinkhams? Ah, Yes! There's Sonia, the artist's model who does strange things to Michael's heart. That's Edwina. There's meek Charlie Dawes (Tom Crosthwaite) who comes back after being told to get the hell out.

No more Bottles—unless the parlor maid (Oudine Howser) can find a hot-water bottle.

Edward Kuster—quote: "Bottles!"

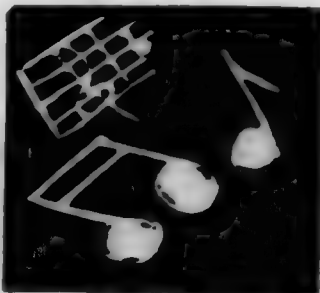
Short Story Writers

Here's your chance. The effort that goes into writing a story deserves some credit—of course, the story may be lousy, but something has to be done with all the ink-infested manuscripts that Carmel solitude inspires. The "we-publish-'em" Villager will consider any and all stories submitted and will print those few that are best (and prithee which are those). The rest we send to Liberty.

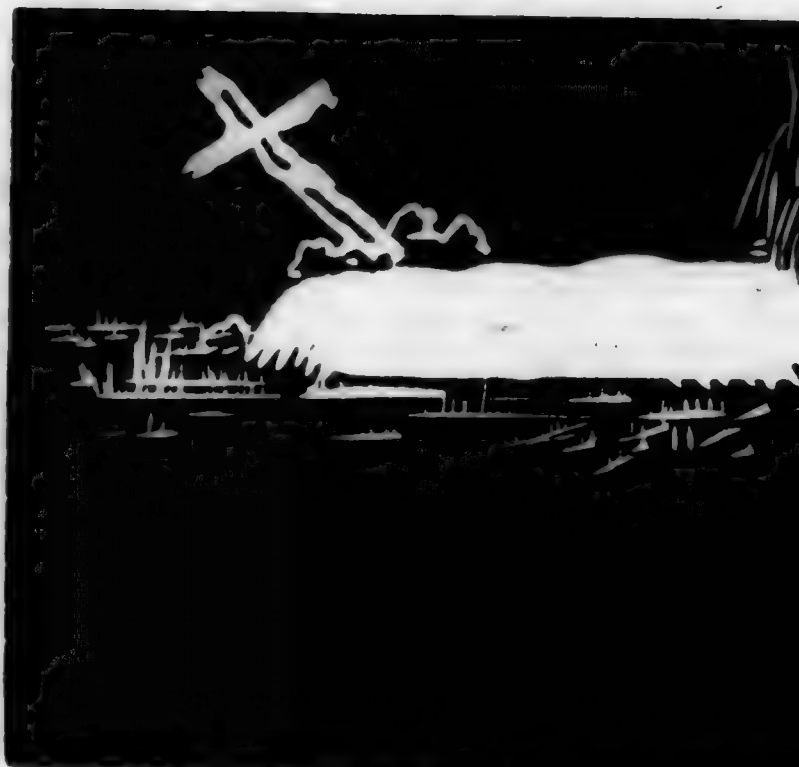


Why?

We hope Mr. Hal Garrott will not split his sleeve laughing up it, because it is going to be a cold winter; but we would like him to explain to us why "blowing" a couple of thousand dollars on N.B.C. artists" is less expensive than paying ten thousand dollars to the gentleman who will give us his services next season for that



price: can the Carmel Music Society "roll its own" up to the heights to which we were lifted by listening to Horowitz, Gieseking, Myra Hess, Szigeti, Piatigorski, Albert Spalding, Minna Hager, Aguilar Lute Quartet, London String Quartet, Hart House Quartet, the Kedroff Quartet, etc.; or was it organized to teach us our "musical onions" by compelling us to listen patiently another season to more amateur performances (not that they aren't excellent as such): do some of us evince a "hoi polloi musical taste" by preferring "at any price" Piatigorski's cello playing; who are the "resident musicians" who have benefited or will benefit by the Carmel Music Society going back on its



original policy of giving us a "celebrated name" to listen to: and how is it that the Carmel Music Society has never been in debt until it has treated itself to an orgy of sentimentalising over our own orchestra and the self sacrificing gentleman who condescends to direct the same, and donates his services to defray deficits, etc.;—not forgetting the moist dime? S. O. S.

The next will be the art number—no nudes allowed.

Boy! Did we get razzed for the Nudist Number.

Be sure to see the Alvin J. Beller exhibit now at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.



Stuart O'Brien

To A Pessimist

By Bud Welch

If this old world doesn't suit you
If the whole darn thing gets your
goat

Don't spread such misery about
you

Cut your throat!

If you're tired of conventionality
If you don't like the way things
are done

Doctor up your personality
Use a gun!

If everything's just a sad mistake
And for happiness you're given up
hope

Why, give yourself a real good
"break"
Use a rope!

Heavenly Twins

Paraphrasing the old "button, button, who's got the button" gag, we might offer Carmel a newer, and interesting sport, entitled "music, music, who's got the music?"

Is music to be dished out here in the manner of Monterey canners who peddle the elusive sardine, for purely selfish and commercial reasons, or is music to be a community proposition, a beautiful gesture as it once was, before it got put in the can by Denny and Watrous, packers extra-ordinary?

What is this community? Is it a group of music lovers, or is it a selection of suckers?

Is it an affair to be pushed out like pap by that prince of poor publicity purveyors, Hal Garrott? Or is it something of a refined nature, the exact reverse of this little article? The Penha dole is a very fine thing . . . for Mr. Penha. The Monterey Peninsula Orchestra is also a fine thing . . . for the Heavenly Twins . . . and the Denny-Watrous cannery a truly delightful thing for the Pine Cone, or rather Pine Nert, as the Village knows it.

But what of the rest of the musicians? Are they to be canned, or can they resist canning? Must they accept the effusions of Perry Newberry, for the sake of his exceptional partiality, or what? Or what? It's a nice day, but cooler.

Sticks and Stones

●

By Montgomery (call me Monty!)

Ya know, I think I'd like to be
As dead, as dead, oh gee
Just think what ease
No work at all
Just lay
'N' nothin' else
No thoughts at all
Not even hafta' talk
'Er study, 'er work, 'er nothin'
Just lay 'n' rot!

* * *

I sorta go for this

The quaken aspen on the banks
Make swaying
Naked
Ladies in the lake.
Dancing with sinuous movement
Of graceful
Bodies
Longing with desire.
The moon slips from the clouds
Kissing them.
Softly
Laying adoration
At their feet
Timidly.

* * *

King Solomon and King David
Led merry, merry lives.
With many, many, concubines
and many, many wives.
'Til old age came upon them
With many, many qualms—
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
King David wrote the Psalms!

Knocked this one out after the Fuller Brush man left:

He thought me different, but did
not understand when I explained—
for—
I was born under a bridge in a gust
of wind, when the moon was a slender
crimson
curve, like the half-opened lips of
a wanton.



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Your love came to me like a fog.
 I stood alone.
 Suddenly I was enwapt in a thick
 swirling
 Mass of white that blinded and
 stifled me.
 And when the fog rose there was
 dew on my face.
 But I wiped my face with my hands
 And dried my hands on a bed sheet.
 This was your love for me.

'scuse pleez.

* * *

These things are over,
 These things are gone;
 Herod's thirst for Salome,
 Salome's for John.

This thing is legend
 For anyone to know—
 Launcelot and Arthur's queen
 Were lovers long ago.

Kiss me while you will
 Hush me with a word;
 Tomorrow they will say of us:
 "Yes, and have you heard—"

tsk, tsk.

* * *

There's a man in our town
 Who's squat and fat and black
 Who waddles slowly up and down
 And rubs a post to scratch his back
 His faded pants are patched and
 torn
 His shirt is soiled and frayed
 He mutters—passing by forlorn—
 To Hell with the damned—I'm
 saved.



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Polo is a Good Game

By Gull E. Bull

Have you ever met a "polomaniac?"

A "polomaniac" has the combined fervor of a dyed-in-the-wool WCTU'er, a recalcitrant Technocrat, an arm waving single-taxer, and a bléacher coach. You can spot him anywhere.

He's just like a second "looy" in the cavalry who feels undressed if he hasn't a riding crop and a curb bit to jingle.

A "polomaniac" always carries a "club" or "stick" or whatever that long necked mallet-shaped affair is called. One woman thought they were Indian totem poles dying of malnutrition.

A "polomaniac" can rattle off a line of chatter that always panics the high school co-eds and the so-called "sub-deb." It starts off with "chukkers" and South America and ends up with the speaker frothing at the mouth as he tries to describe the shot he made against the "Boomer Blues" riding an "imported Arabian" with \$500 staked on the shot.

At home a "polomaniac" is more or less of a pest.

In the old pre-NRA days, public enemy number one was the radio "ham." He had vario-couplers underfoot; sections of guest room bed springs in the garage for

aerials; and a Ford spark coil under the dining room table where it gave Dad a "hot shot" when he reached for the fifth helping of corn on the cob. (With no holds barred.)

That is all passé.

The real, live menace today is the "polomaniac."

Junior's roller skates on the living room floor cause an insurance adjuster to smile. But a grade "a" wooden polo ball gives him three kinds of jitters; nervous indigestion; and makes him think of his Uncle who is a hypochondriac.

Doubters in the Rann—whoops! folks. I guess it's out now—Rannie Cockburn home were converted

Barnet J. Segal

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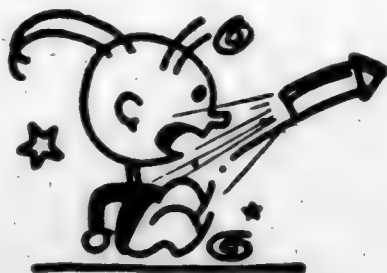
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Telephone 63

when what is technically known as a "matron" showed up Ty Cobb in a slide to the Davenport when a polo ball near the Persian rug (\$300) threw her for a loss.



It was not so much what it did to the matron which was plenty. Injured feelings, you know, have been "off" several points since the depression set in.

It was the hardwood floor. What the termites started out to do in a half-hearted fashion the "matron" finished.

Even an expert on board-feet and lumber wouldn't venture how much the repair bill would be until he sent his helper back to fetch a slide rule and a book of logarithms.

But the affair didn't even faze the polo ball.

It was still round and good for four chukkers, after the rugs were straightened out and the radio tubes replaced. Plainly it was made of sterner stuff.

After that, Rannie kept that ol' pill, ol' apple, ol' casaba, ol' pear in a soup tureen on the side board. "They've got to be kept," he explained, "at a steady temperature. They're funny that way."

Then, too, there's the romantic quality or "aura" which surrounds a "polomaniac."

You can't extract much thrill out of a man who understands Einstein's theory (even if there are only 12 more like him); and a Georgian prince like Alexis who "Hutton-ainly" knows his heiresses is, after all, no bargain when you consider that anyone could be a prince in Georgia providing he had three cows and two roosters. Why at that rate a Chicago stock

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Steve Patterson

yard employee would be entitled to a coat-of-arms and gauntlets to toss around at odd moments when "honor" is manhandled.

No. There is something about a "polomaniac" that gets you. Some call it "h.o."

That is no cereal by the way. If you are inquisitive, "h.o." begins with an adjective—"horsey."

These lads have got what it takes. Did you ever see anything with

skirts on that could resist a "patent-leather" hair comb job; polished (and imported) riding boots. (I picked them up so cheaply. \$65. Not one cent more); biscuit colored "trou" (they're chic) and one of those divinely virile "v" necked polo shirts that bare manly chests and, mayhap, a little polo field dirt.

"As a matter of fact—(and this is the time to intersperse the blurb



with a modest grin)—I just go out and knock the ball around once in a while. Great sport."

Well mebbe so.

But General Johnson is after "polomaniacs."

They are booted and spurred but have no "codes."

They are working a three-inch polo ball and an inoffensive mallet over 40 hours a week and the General is ready to swing that "sock on the jaw" he promised even if the "work" is mostly vicarious.

Carmel

Rolling vistas of greenest hills
As far as the eye can reach,
Bluest of seas; the Pacific rolls
Lapping a silver beach.

Towering peaks that guard the vale
Where serenely a mission stands,
Calmy reflecting a glory old
Carmel—a wonderland.

Pines and oaks still shelter there
Paths that the Padres trod
Thru sylvan dells that must inspire
Truest commune with God.

Seeking your peace from the toils of
life

Here must your searching end,
Nor can a better spot be found
A broken heart to mend.

Happiness real and the truest
friends

In Carmel by the Sea,
Though I may never reach Paradise
'Tis Heaven enough for me.

LEO VAUGHN



A R T H U R

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The Poet and the Bottle

Before the typewriter the poet sat,
In deepest meditation,
Seeking to capture within his mind,
The gem of inspiration.



Beside the machine a bottle stood
Containing a liquid, brown;
He touched the keys and with the
dawn
This is what he found:

Ah, now must I write of the shining
sun,
Of the stars above that blink;
Of rustling trees and sky of blue,
Er—I think I need a drink.

For life is free on God's green earth,
E'en to the lowly weed;
And breezes sigh for all who care
An—an—other drink I need.

Wonder there is in all the world,
Beautiful things I see;
Birds aloft on glitt'ring wings,
And—that bottle looks good to me.

Bu'ful amnals wander by,
But cause me no alarm;
Ther's visions now I can't 'explain
Another drinks no harm.

I know the life ish one big shong
Tha's ringin' in muh head,
But—Gawsh muh bottle's empty
now
Uh gesh Uh'll go tuk bed.

LEO VAUGHN

Two lines we need to fill this space!
Thank you . . . R.C.

EL FUMADOR

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the Discriminating Smoker

NRA

By Ella Winter

“Why can't they wait for the NRA to do it?”

“They”—They were making \$25 a month in the cotton fields, the whole family working, picking cotton ten hours a day under the sweltering sun. The mother, and the father, and the eight children. They owed the power companies, and a third of what they earned was taken by the power companies, before they even got a look at the back of a green back. They were getting 60 cents a 100 pounds; it sounds fine;

it netted the ten of them \$25 a month.

They struck; for \$1.00 a hundred pounds. Ten thousand of them, Mexican and Spanish, tall gaunt Oklahomans and squat Filipinos. They were evicted from their tents, sent packing by the growers. Sure, the growers can't pay more; they are in the hands of the Cotton Finance Corporation which takes \$60 for every bale, gives the grower \$40. The growers are sulky, furious; sure; they can't make a go of it either. But why not wait for the NRA? Why shoot the strikers, That's what the farmers did.

Babies are dying of starvation; American workers living worse than coolies in tents, no sanitation, no



Centawatt

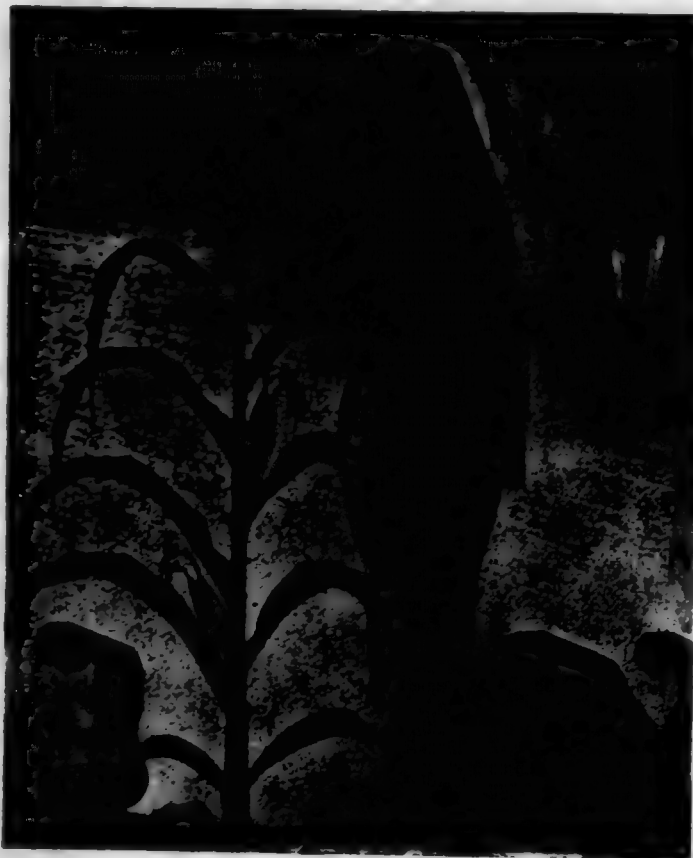
beds, no cooking utensils; a crust of bread in two days. No milk for the babies—(see reports in all San Francisco newspapers). Suppose your baby were dying; would you like to be told to wait for the NRA.

Sure; the men who are well fed, housed and clothed can wait; you and I, readers of the *Villager*, we can wait; the others . . .

The "Devil Who Saw God" is the most powerful play we have seen since—well—for a long time.

Herb Cerwin is sure doing a good turn for Del Monte—He's reviving "Game and Gossip."

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Maynard Dixon's
"Return to Earth"

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The Hour I Love

The hour I love comes just before
the dawn;
That hour when all the world
seems listening—
Waiting, as if in fear, or dread, or
hope—
That hour when magic of the
moon has ceased
to wrap the world in loveliness of
white—
And all is silent save for the faint
stir
of a stray breeze loitering in a
silver birch clump—
and there's that sense of hushed
expectancy
that stills the ever cackling hens
and makes
the mocking birds pause midway in
their songs—
And God, suspender-clad, comes
down the path,—
in that mute hour just before the
dawn.

SIR AK

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M. De Neale
Morgan

The Author Looks at the Cast

By Masten

The other day Sade Latham asked me, "Did you have Milt in mind when you wrote the part of Mr. Satan in 'The Devil Who Saw God?'" And when I disclaimed



all thought that in real life Mr. Latham suggested Mr. Satan or vice versa she said, "Well, it is Milt."

Nevertheless I didn't have Milt in mind when I wrote the play. The only local person who occurred to me at the time was Byington Ford. I thought of him as a perfect

Barnabas, the Truthmaker. Yet despite my convictions the part almost went to someone else because people had come to associate By with hard boiled characters.

A star cast of 26 would be a big order even for Hollywood.

Not that there's anything wrong with the old faces. But being a community affair the theatrical organization fulfills its function best when it embraces among its actors as many members of the community as possible, always bearing in mind that the first object is to put on a good show.

Fred Burt never tires of quoting, "There are no small parts. There are only small actors."

A. D. H. Co.

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Books of the Past Year

●
By writers who have lived
in Carmel and on the
Monterey Peninsula

(The list furnished through the
courtesy of The Seven Arts)

Austin, Mary—Earth Horizon:
An autobiography. Illustrated,
381 pages, \$4.00.

Bacon, Leonard—Furioso: A nar-
rative poem. 254 pages, \$2.50.

Bechdolt, Frederick—Horse Thief
Trail: A novel. 304 pages,
\$2.00.

Benet, William Rose—Rip Tide:
A novel in verse. 80 pages,
\$2.50.

Benet, William (editor)—Fifty
Poets: An American anthology.
153 pages, \$2.50.

Brooks, Van Wyck—Sketches in
Criticism: 306 pages, \$2.50.

Brooks, Van Wyck—The Ordeal
of Mark Twain: Revised ed-
ition. 325 pages, \$3.75.

Calland, Annice—Grape With
Thorn: Poems. Printed in Car-
mel. No paging, \$1.00.

Dorrance, James French—Fighting
Hearts: A novel. 317 pages,
\$2.00.

Flavin, Martin—Amaco: A play.
141 pages, \$2.00.

James, Will—All in the Day's
Riding. Cowboy sketches, Illus-
trated by the author. 251 pages,
\$2.50.

James, Will—Uncle Bill: A tale
of two kids and a cowboy. Illus-
trated by the author. 241 pages,
\$2.00.

Jeffers, Robinson—Give Your Heart
to the Hawks: Poems. 199
pages, \$2.50.

Lewis, Sinclair—Ann Vickers: A
novel. 562 pages, \$2.50.

Luhan, Mabel Dodge—Lorenzo in
Taos: Reminiscences of D. H.
Lawrence. Illustrated. 352 pages,
\$3.50.

Luhan, Mabel Dodge—Intimate
Memories: Autobiography. 290
pages, \$3.00.

Monroe, Anne Shannon—God
Lights a Candle: It illumines
your way to success and hap-
piness. 158 pages, \$1.25.



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Furnishings

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Mora, Jo—A Log of the Spanish Main: Travel guide. Illustrated by the author. No paging.

Raine, William MacLeod—The Black Tolts: A novel. 293 pages, \$2.00.

Raine, William MacLeod—Under Northern Stars: A novel. 296 pages, \$2.00.

Raine, William MacLeod—The Broad Arrow: A novel. 292 pages, \$2.00.

Sage, Lee—Gopher Dick: The story of a northern cowpuncher. 296 pages, \$2.00.

Sinclair, Upton—Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox. 377 pages, \$3.00.

Sinclair, Upton—The Way Out: What lies ahead for America. 108 pages, \$1.00.

Williams, Michael (editor)—The Book of Christian Classics. 483 pages, \$2.00.

Winter, Ella—Red Virtue: Human relationships in the new Russia. 332 pages, \$3.00.

Books about Carmel writers

Alberts, S. S.—A Bibliography of the Works of Robinson Jeffers: \$10.00.



Robert Hestwood

Opinion

By Marjorie MacEwan

There is one standard by which entertainment may be judged and that is on its own merit as such. Aside from the praiseworthy fact that Dick Masten's play, "The Devil Who Saw God," was a good idea, treated sincerely with a nice humor, it was not the sort of thing which stands out as good entertainment. There were high spots, and there were depths, which is no intentional play on words. In the first place, the outstanding impression made on the audience (at least on this particular portion of the audience) was that there was a great deal of earnestness displayed by the author, the director, and most patently by the players. Aside from that, it was full of holes. One felt, in spite of the Big Names in the printed matter, that here was an amateur performance. There wasn't the ease that makes the audience settle back comfortably. Little things went wrong—a line muffed, a speech jumped, a curtain stuck, offstage shadows distracted the attention of the audience. Perhaps this play could be done well in the hands of a master director with a "colossal all-star cast." Perhaps even that wouldn't make it something you could recommend wholeheartedly to your friends. No one could predict. But it seems to me that it is not little theatre material. One was too con-

scious, somehow, of torch bearing. There were several bits which were well done. The young policeman; whose thick brogue did not remind the listeners of the false red whiskers and upside down clay pipe of the usual Irishman. Young Sheridan might make an actor if he works at it—he had a nice consciousness of what he was trying to do. By Ford, said to be picked by the author for Barnabas, was well concealed, but either too slow moving as the old Truth Maker, or else the Truth Maker was too slow a character to be there in the first place. Sibyl Leonard had her moments, in spite of some bad lines. ("Take your hand away from my arm." Shades of "The Drunkard!") Both George Hefling and Peter O'Crotty had excellent voices and diction. And so on through the cast. It is possible to pick out some one or two nice features about each of the characters, if you really set yourself to the task. (It was obvious that they, players and director, had worked hard.) But they are all pretty well offset by something else which the players would remember long after they'd forgotten that you'd said something nice, too.

"I always say if you can't say something nice about a person, well, you'd better etc.," so perhaps I've already gone too far. At any rate, I am sure that I went too far when I drove down from San Francisco to see this week's offering at the Community Playhouse.

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